## A STORM ASHORE.

BY JAMES H. CONNELLY.

WHERE THE DEED WAS DONE.

Three-quarters of a century ago, when Sag Harbor was an important whaling port, and before railroads were even dreamed of on that remote part of Long Island, there were dotted along the eastern shore only a few quaint little villages. already old, with a small population scattered in their vicinity, consisting a most entirely of a hardy race, who, though professediv cultivators of the soil, in reality drew most of their subsistence from arduous and often perilous toil upon the sea. Among the curiously inscribed tombstones in the graveyards, where even at all unfrequent those that bore the legend "killed by a whale." Of the younger men in the community, there were few who did not aspire to go abroad as whalmen, had generally "been a-whaling," loved to spin varns about their cruises, and were stil more than semi-nautical in speech, manners and industries. They naturally spoke of "the bow" of a horse, or his "port-quarter," as occasion might require; belonged to shore whaling companies; fished for the New York market to a limited extent, and perhaps did some smugging; as shore-living people, in those days, generally seemed to think they had an inherent right to. In their little "sitting-rooms" were many curious and interesting things, brought from far distant lands, such as broad branches of fan coral, stuffed birds of brilliant plumage, strange shells and sperm whales' teeth adorned with queer rude pictures scratched upon them by sailors whose thoughts of loved ones at home had prompted them to such artistic endeavor.

Between the villages were long reaches of woodland, or perhaps it would be more correct to say thicket-broken here and there, where the sandy soil seemed to give most promise, by tilled fields. Fierce gales, through the long hard winter months, dealt cruelly with the scrubby cedars and knotty little oaks in those woods, gnaring their boughs, twisting their trunks, and stunting their growth, so that not all the genial breath of spring, nor the ardent summer's sun could quite season of ice and storm. But the hardy trees stood close together, as if seeking support and consolation from each other in their hours of trial, when they creaked and ground complaint to one another; so close that their interlaced foliage kept always damp the leaf-strewn ground beneath, where the fragrant trailing arbutus bloomed in earliest spring, and the tangled whostleberry bushes later bore their clusters of bluish-purple fruit. Here and there the dwarfed forest sloped gently down to broad expanses of salt meadow, where snipe and plover tound their favorite feeding grounds among the rank rushes and long grass, or the soft marshy slime, except when the full noon tides came rushing through the little inlets between the white round sand dunes on the beach and, whelming the lowland, snatched brown-leaf trophies from the very edges of the wood. On the knolls between these meadows were favorite places for the location of the homes of the earlier settlers, among whom were the Van Deusts.

The Van Deust homestead was one of in the ancient graveyard of the village, a mile away.

It was a rambling one-story house, built turesque. Those by whom it was erected | the morning!" loved better the sea than the land, for they had not only sought out this, the the squire. "It is almost 7 o'clock." most commanding site they could obtain was in their ears a wild, temultuous mu- out, though. zic, and their eyes were never weary of As he spoke he went to a closed door at the ever-changing beauty and glory of the one side of the central sitting-room, which world of billows, blushing with the dawn, | was flanked by the separate apaatments | cital. laughing with the noon, and frowning be- of the brothers, and pounding upon it neath storm and night. Three broad and with his bony knuckles, called: rugged elm trees shaled the porch, and ] boughs of the nearest tree of a thickly | visitors. Get up!" grown and hadly cared for little orchard. Bats and swallows flitted undisturbed in the summer evenings to and from the low | shouting: "Hello, Jacob! Jake! I say, loft of the old homestead, through its vari- get up! What's the matter with you?" ous chinks and refts; native song-birds build their nests and reared their young | men waiting, held their breath to listen, under the eaves, and in the swinging and a vague sense of unessiness crept over branches of the venerable elms, bees them. The songs of the blue-birds, and buzzed among the thick honeysuckle, and | the chirp of the martens; the humming | figure, and a face that, seen under the clematic vines that twined about the pillar of the porch, and threw their long sprays | hitched to the gig, and the clatter old in flowery festoons between; and when the busy hum of those industrious little

toilers ceased at nightfall, the crickets'

Yet he had never been married!

was the woman hater, and to such an ex- and shouting "Jacob, wake up!" in a more more than eighteen or nineteen yearstent did he carry his antipathy toward the | and more anxious tone. sex that he would tolerate no other female servant about the house than old black he muttered half to himself, fumbling at | was somewhat shorter of stature and Betay, who was the daughter of a couple | the lock with a bit of stick he picked up | rounder of form, with a face in which of slaves his grandfather had owned, and from the floor, "but," stooping down and vivacity and determination were happily who thoroughly considered herself one of | trying to peer through, "I can't see any- | blended. Her laughing lies were red and the family, as indeed her indulgent mas- | thing, because it's all dark inside." ters regarded her. The three old people occupied the house alone. Brother Jacob | house that will fit the lock?" asked the upon her neck, left bare a round head once hinted to Peter that perhaps it might | squire. be as well to get a young woman to assist old Betsy in her work, and his so doing | think of it at first. I'll try it." brought on what was more like a quarrel between him and Peter than anything the door pushed open. The sunshine archivin the face of her friend, "let us that had disturbed the monotony of their | darted in and fell, broad and clear, upon | drop this nonsense of pretending to look uneventful lives up to that time. A com- a still and ghastly thing that lay in the for trailing aroutus, when you know just promise was finally effected, by virtue of middle of the floor-the corpse of an old as well as I do that it will be a week, if which a neighbor was engaged to come man, surrounded by a pool of blood. over for a couple of hours daily to do such | Peter gave a wild cry of horror, and fell | in bloom; and I know just as well as you cheres about the house as the brothers felt | back senseless into the arms of Lem Paw- | do that you called me out for this walk to beyond their strength, and to bring his lett, who was close behind him. They tell me something about Dorn Hackett. wife along on Tuesdays to do the week's | laid him on the old hair-cloth sofa in the | and for nothing else. Isn't that so, now?" washing and scrubbing. But on Tuesdays sitting-room, called Betsy to attend to Peter always went a fishing, regardless of him, and then passed into the chamber he | guessed rightly, as usual. I have received | that score when he sees them. the weather, and was gone all day, so had opened. avoiding sight of the neighbor's wife. Whatever the secret cause for his bitter Deust's skull had been beaten in by some a year, isn't it?" and contemptuous aversion to women may heavy instrument. One terrible crushing have been, he kept it to himse f. That | blow had mashed in his left temple, and they were fair to look upon he denied not. let out his little weak old life; but, as if "But," he said, "they are wrecker lights, for very lust of killing, the assassin had and the truer and better a man is the struck again and again, and the skuil was home.

Jacob would turn away with a sigh, and the discussion would be at an end. Back of the house a narrow lane, bordered by a neglected garden and a corn-

field beyond, led out to the distant highway. The Van Denst brothers were not poor, as the humble style of their home might seem to indicate; indeed they had the reputation, in all the country around, of being wealthy, and were, at least, well off. The neglect and indifference of age in its owners was the sole cause that the surroundings of the old homestead, which might easily have been made charming, presented such a picture of disorder and

Up the little lane, at a very early hour one bright summer morning, two men might have been seen, driving in a light then six generations were lying, were not | gig, approaching the Van Deust mansi n. One of them was a stout, ruddy faced gentleman of fifty, or thereabouts, known to everybody in the county as Squire Bodley. His companion, who held the reins, was a handsome young fellow of twenty-four or ers, and their elders, though settled agri- twenty-five years, rustic in personal apculturists nominally, or even petty trades- pearance and garb, with a good, frank open countenance that bore a pleasing expre-sion of intelligence and good nature.

"Of course it's only a form, my going to be your security," said the o der man as they jogged along, "for the Van Deusts know you as well as I do, and knew your tather. Dave Pawlett, before you, and a good man be was. But still, Lem, I don't know any young fellow in all the country round about that I'd take more pleasure in serving, even in a matter of form, than

"Thank you, sir," replied the young man warmly, with a grateful flush upon his sun-burnt cheeks. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure, and I can't tell you how much I feel it so. You know I want the lease of that lower farm, but you don't know how almightily much I want it; and nobody does but me and -one other person, perhaps.'

Aha!" responded the squire, with a chuckle. "I can make a guess about who the other person is. And some day you and that other person will be coming to me for a little business in my line, I reckon-a sort of mutual life lease, eh?'

"Weil, maybe so, squire. I hope so," answered Lem, confusedly, and with a little deeper flush. "But here we are at the gate. Wait a moment, while I jibe a bow wheels and make the horse fast.'

repair the damage wrought them in the the vehicle, turned the horse a little to to knock Jake's head oil more than once." panied the squire to the door of the house. There was no sound or sign, as yet, of any of the inmates of the old homestead being

"Well, they must be late risers here," soliloquized the squire, as Lem rapped and called at the door.

At the end of a few minutes a voice answered indistinctly from within: 'Who's immediately after the shutters on the window of a little extension of the house. at the end farthest from the orchard, were pushed open and the head of an aged black woman appeared with the echoing query, "Who dah? Wha' dv'e wan'?" "It's me-Squire Bodley," responded that gentleman, answering the first in-

Presently the door opened and Peter Van Deust appeared in it; a weazened, thin little man, with a fringe of grav hair surrounding a big white bald place on the the oldest dwellings on that portion of the | top of his head, with a well formed nose island, and those who at this time inhab- and eyes still bright enough to suggest ited it were the direct descendants of that he had been a good-looking young other Van Deusts, whose remote existence | fellow in his day; with lips that quivered, and remarkable longevily were alike at- and long, lean fingers that trembted with tested by the quaintly graven tombstones | the weakness of old age; but, withal, a pleasant smile and a cheery ring, even yet, in his cracked old voice.

"Why, squire!" he exclaimed, as he of small logs covered with boards now threw open the door, "I'm reai glad to see warped and rusty from age, but both you. And Lem! You, too? Well, this roomy and comfortable as well as pic- is a pleasant surprise party for us early in

"It's not so very early, Peter," answered "Is that so? Well, I declare! I won-

for its location, but had turned its back der why Jacob isn't up. He's mostly an upon the forest and the lane, and reared | early riser, and as he's the boy amongst its broad porch upon the side facing the us, why we old folks-Betsy and me-rely ocean. Here, in the ampie shade, the on him to wake us up in the mornings. two old bachelor brothers, its present oc- Old people, you know, get back to being cupants, inheriting as well the feeling as like babies again for wanting their good it will be necessary for us to make a brief the property of their ancestors, loved to | sleep. But Jacob has overslept himself | retrogression in our narrative and to inlinger. The ceaseless roar of the waves | this morning, sure. I'll soon roust him

"Come, Jacob, bounce out, boy! You're one gable of the house was rasped by the late! It's breakfast time, and we've got

There was no answering sound within. He waited a moment then knocked again, Still there was no response. The three of the bees, the stamping of the horse Betsy made in opening her door, were all sharply distinct in the quiet summer morning air, bur from the closed room cheery chirp, from a ong the rough | there was no sound whatever. Peter tried stones of the old-fashioned fireplace with-in, took up the refrain of insect melody. "He's locked his door!" exclaimed the

Neither insect, bird, nor beast feared the old man, with an intonation of surprise in two kindly old men who inhabited that | his voice. "Maybe something has happened to home. One of the brothers loved all liv-

ing things, and was at peace with all, and him," suggested Lem. the other was like unto him, with the sole "What could happen to him? He was exception that he liked not women, nor all right last night; never better in his not sad, for a faint smile, like the bloswas willing to be at peace with them, life. And he's younger than me, But it's soming of some sweet hope, rested upon queer he should have locked his door. He her small red lips. Her companion, who

"The key isn't in the keyhole, I guess."

"Yes. Mine does, I guess, But I didn't hair.

It fitted; the bolt was thrown back and | maid, bending forward and looking up

Murder had been done. Jacob Van brighter they shine to lure him to the breakers. And look at yourself, Jacob," it appeared, had risen from his bed to he?" he would add, when his brother ventured | meet his murderer, and had been struck | "It seems so to me, I confess. And

the room was as yet only lighted from the door; but when those in front were opened, and a flood of sunlight poured in. there were no evidences apparent that there had been any struggle between the slayer and his victim, nor were there at once visible any indications that robbery, the only cause readily conceivable for the brutal murder of such an inoffensive old man, had been the purpose instigating the crime. The contents of the bureau drawers were much tumbled and disordered. but it was presumable that they were so usually, through the careless babits of the occupant of the apartment. There were no marks of blood upon anything they contained, but it was evident that the murderer had made some attempt at least to wipe his crimsoned hands upon the old man's shirt after killing him, and that was probably before he searched the buresu, if indeed he had troubled himself to ransack it at all. On one pillow of the bed they found the mark of a bloody hand. Perhaps the assassin was in such haste for p under that he groped where the old man's head had lain before thinkind of his bloody hand. Beyond that nothing appeared to them to show that robbery had been done.

But when Peter Van Deust had sufficiently recovered to be able to speak coherently, he said that his prother habitually kept, somewhere in his room, a wallet containing something over \$3,000, and a bag of coin; how much he did not know, | too well for that, I know." These were nowhere to be found.

Lem Pawlett was hastily dispatched by the equire, soon after the discovery of the | years?' crime, to summon some near neighbors, and as he drove rapidly along the road. shouting to every person he saw-"Jacob Van Deust has been murdered!"-it was but a very little while be ore a dozen or more men were assembled at the scene of the crime. They were all innocent, sim- | thinkple-minded folks, who had never seen a murdered man before, had even been a | body there who would be able to cut you little skeptical that such an awful thing out. Well, there's some comfort in that as murder was ever really done, except in | reflection, anyway. But the letter! What the big cities where extreme wickedness | does he say for himself?" was naturally to be expected, and were actually stunned by the shock of finding themselves in the presence of the evione to the perpetrator of the crime, or | ceived it.' divining its real motive, could have been expected. Yet every man of them was ried?" wise in his own conceit, and among them they reached his ears, feit himself com-

pelled to take notice of and reply to them. "Yes," replied he who was addressed,

"I've heard 'em myself, cus-ing each other over the fortune that was left them." "Sam Folsom," added a third, "told me his charge, you know." As he spoke he jumped lightly out of | that he'd heard that Peter had threatened one side so as to make the descent of his 'Oh! I've heard that myself," chimed er interfere with my marrying any nice woods. Without d smounting, the visitor companion more convenient, and, after | in another. "And I did hear that they'd hitching the reins to a fence-pos, accom- had a regular fight and Jake got the best | parents can transfer that right-if it is a

of it. "It's awful that two old men like them. on the edge of the grave, as you may say, and brothers at that, should quarrel about money.

"And one for to go and ki'l the other." At this point the squire, who had overheard much of the preceding conversation, interposed: "How do you know," he dethere? What d've want?" And almost | manded abruptly, turning on the last speaker, 'who killed him?'

> 'Well, I dunno exactly, of course,' whined the fellow, hesitatingly, "but it looks mighty like it,' "Ah! And that pimpled nose of yours,

humors in your blood." There were a few suppressed chuckles smallest things, and in the very presence of the King of Terrors-and Rufe moved away, muttering indistinctly. But the squire's interference and well-intended reproof had only a momentary effect in I should expect of Lem in such a case." diverting the attention of the neighbors

from the evil bent of suspicion their rumors they had heard of differences between the Van Deuet brothers, until the rested for the murder of his brother.

ON INFORMATION AND BELIEF.

That the reader may be properly informed of certain antecedent events which, as will hereafter be seen, were intimately connected with, and indeed leading directly to the murder of Jacob Van Deust, troduce various other members of that little seaside community who bore their several important parts in the eventful drama of real life here in progress of re-

Near the close of a day in earliest spring, when the sun, that had not yet sufficient power to melt the lingering patches of snow that still laid here and there among the thickets and on northern slopes, was throwing its last red rays upon the lowering leaden-tinted masses of the western sky, two young girls wandered, with their arms about each other's waists, in the shadows of the woods not far distant from the village of Easthampton. One of them, somewhat above the medium hight of women, possessed a sender and graceful large, crimson-lined hood of the cloak with which her head was covered, appeared almost pure Grecian in its regularity of feature and desicacy of outline Her complexion was pale, but the clear roseate flush of her cheeks, and the brilliancy of youth and health sparkling in her eyes. demonstrated sufficiently that that pallidity was simply the added charm with which kindly nature at times enhances the loveliness of the most beautiful brunettes. The sentiment expressed by her countenance was serious and earnest, but Peter, the elder by a couple of years, don't mostly." He continued rapping seemed to be of about the same age-not beautiful, but hardly less bewitching. She full, a merry mischievous light danced in "Haven't you some other key about the | her blue eyes, and her hood thrown back covered with a wavy wealth of brown

"Now, Mary," said the brown-haired not two, before there will be a sprig of it "Yes, you sharp little thing. You have

another letter from Dorn." "A letter from Dorn? The first for over

"Well, dear, it must seem almost like getting one from a stranger." "Whalers have so few chances to write

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away from me that way. Who knows but what he might marry somebody else while he was gone? Have you never been afraid that Dorn would?" "Oh, no, Ruth. Never. He loves me

"And you felt just as sure of that when you did not hear from him for nearly two "Yes," replied Mary, with a little hesitation, however, "for I know the girl

whose lover goes a whaling must have patience; and I have heard Uncle Thatcher tell a good deal about the countries to which the whalers go, and I hardly "That he would be likely to meet any-

"That he is coming home, Ruth; coming home at last. He is on the way now. A fast saiting packet ship brought the letdences of the perpetration of such a deed, ter on ahead, and he supposed that he From them, of course, no aid in finding a | would arrive a couple of weeks after I re-

"And when he comes you'll get mar-"I-hope so," replied Marv, in a little were furtively exchanged whispers of such | lower tone and with tears gathering in her hideous significance that the squire, when eyes. "But you know we are poor; and besides, Uncle That her-"

"That, for Uncie Thatcher," exclaimed "The old men have been all the time little Ruth, snapping her fingers defiantly. quarreling for two months past," said one | "What has he to say about whom you shall marry? That is a matter which concerns nobody but you and Dorn." "My mother, when she was dving in the

big city, leaving me all alone, put me in

much as I'd do to let my father and moth- countered by Ruth and Mary in the young man I liked, and I don't believe right-to anybody. Uncle Thatcher, indeed!" she ejacu ated scornfully, with a toss of her little resolute round head. "What does he want you to da, anyway? To live and die an old maid to please

"No, I have been ashamed to tell anybody heretofore-even vou, Ruth-but he wants me to marry Cousin Silas." "That ugly, good-for-nothing cub of

him?"

"Yes; Silas asked me to once, and when I refused him, said that I was only a pauper living on his f ther's charity, and threatened to tell such stories about me Rufe Stevens, looks mightily like you that no c e else would have me. He hurt were a hard drinker, but you are ready to and frightened me terribly, and Dorn take your bible oath its nothing but bad | found me in the woods crying about it. In the fullness of my heart I told him all. I couldn't keep it to myself when he at the squire's retort from those in the | asked me why I cried. And do you know vicinity-for men will laugh even at the | what he did! He went right off and gave Siles such an aw ul pounding that he was laid up for two weeks." "Good! I like Dorn Hackett better

than I ever did before. That's just what "That was the time Silas was reported to be so sick, just before florn went away. minds had taken; and they continued ex- | He never dared to take about me as he changing, and possibly augmenting, the said he would, I guess, but as soon as he got well went right off to New York. Uncle Thatcher b amed Dorn for hurting sentiment was general among them that | Silas, and has hated the thought of him Peter Van Deust should be at once ar- ever since. And oh, Ruth! you don't know what I've had to suffer from Aunt Thatcher!"

> "Now you just take my advice and put your back right up at her; and as soon as Dorn comes home you two go right off and get married, and if Uncle Thatcher tries to interfere have Dorn pound him, too-worse than he did Silas."

> Mary smiled through her tears and reolied: "Dorn says he has done well and talks about buying a share in a coasting schooner-and a house-and-furnitureand I think he said something about getting married right away." In sympathetic exuberance of joy the

> two girls embraced and kissed each other, Ruth exclaiming: "And we'll get married on the same day, won't we? And in spite of Uncie Thatcher, or anybody else, Mary Wallace will be Mrs. Dorman Hackett, and Ruth Lenox will be Mrs. Lemuel Pawlett. But

> I wish Lem'e name didn't rhyme with 'pullet' and 'gullet.' The two charming young friends were so busy with their theme that not until they were close before him, in the little bridle path through which they wandered did they notice the presence of the third person-a smoothly-shaved, little, elderly gentleman, primty dressed in black and wearing a band of crape upon his tall silk hat. He was upon horseback, sitting silent and motionless. He had seen the

> nose and had executed a little concerted scream of surprise, and then addressed them in a slow, measured and suppressed manner, saying: "I am endeavoring to find the residence, or residences, of two persons known as Peter and Jacob Van Deust, supposed to be brothers, who, according to my present information and belief, reside somewhere in this vicinity. Can either of you young

> ladies direct me definitely upon my way, and if able, will you be kind enough to "Follow the path you are on," answered Ruth, "until you enter the main road; turn to your right about a quarter of a mile, then go up a lane that you will see on your left - the first that has an elm tree on each side of its entrance-and it will lead you straight up to the Van Deust

homestead. "I am very much obliged to you for your apparent courtesy and the seeming accuracy of the details of your information," responded the little gentleman with grave deliberation, banding almost to the horse's mane as he spoke. Then straigtening himself and chaking the reins, he urged his steed into a gentle trot and soon disappeared in the gathering evening shades at the bend of the path.

"'Supposed to be brothers'-indeed!' exclaimed Ruth, when he was out of sight. "I'm sure their faces will afford him sufficient 'information and belief' on

A GOLDEN RAIN. The Van Deast brothers sat smoking their pipes in the twilight on the wide porch of the old homestead overlooking

"I met Thatcher today when I was over at the village," said the younger brother Jacob, "and he wanted to put the tenacre lot in corn on shares."

body will have to work it. We are getting too old, Jacob, for plowing and such-like hard toil ourselves, and a third will be all we'll want. What did you tell him!" "I didn't give him any definite answer.

I wish somebody else would offer to take the lot. I don't like that Thatcher." "He is a hard, severe-looking old fellow, and I'm sure he treats that pretty niece of his hadly,"

"Oh! He does, eh? And now, Jacob, what the mischief is that to you? And what has it to do with putting the tenacre lot in corn on shares?" "I've seen her crying." "Bah! Girls are always crying. They

like it. They do it for practice. "Peter, you'd kick a boy for throwing stones at a wild bird, wouldn't you?" "That's another matter. Birds are birds, and they're God's creatures; but women are the devil's creatures, and you'll never see Peter Van Deust trouble himself to

lift his foot to a boy who throws stones at

them. If the girl don't like the treatment

her uncie gives her, I suppose she can

find some fellow fool enough to marry her. 'Most any of 'em can do that." "Peter, you shouldn't talk that way. A poor girl has her fee ings about marrying where her liking goes, just as much as

"Yah!" snarled Peter contemptuously, vigorously putting his pipe, and for some minutes both men were silent. The younger of the two sank into a reverie, and awoke from it with a start, when his prother resumed the conversation, saving:

"I tell you what it is, Jacob. You were spooney on Mary Wallace's mother forty years ago, and I'm blessed if I think you have got over it yet. She threw you overboard then, not for a better looking man -for you were a fine, trim sailor-built young feilow in those days-but for a richer one. She thought-"

"No, no, Peter! No, no! Don't say that! She didn't want to marry Wallace. I know she didn't. But her father and nother compelled her to it She loved me best, I know she did. But you are right in saying I haven't got over it, Peter. I never shall. I'll love her just the same still, if I meet her in heaven. And when I see Mary's sweet young face, the love that is in my heart for her mother's memory cries out like a voice from the grave of all my hopes and joys, and I can hardly keep from taking poor Lottie's child in my arms and weeping over her."

"Which, if you were to do, she would think you were craze, and right she would be," commented Peter, snarlingly. "He lo!" sounded shortly, in a sharp

wiry voice, from the little lane at the back of the house. Peter, rising from his bench and going to the end of the porch, replied with a sailor-like "Aye, aye, sir," to the hail of the stronger, who was none other than "Well, what of it? It would be as the little elder y gentleman already enasked in a slow and cautious manner: "Am I justified in presuming that I am upon the premises of the parties known

> "This is where we live," replied Peter, a little puzzled by the stranger's manner. "Pardon me sir, but your reply is not an answer to my question. Am I to understand that you are one of the said

as Peter and Jacob Van Deust?"

"I'm Peter, and this is Jacob," responded the elder brother, pointing with the stem of his pipe to the younger. "But come alongside before you get off any more of that lingo."

Methodically and carefully the rider dismounted, fastened his nag to the fence, and pushing open the little gate, stepped upon the low porch, where, after an elaborate bow to each of the brothers separately, he continued: "Assuming your affirmation to be cor-

rect and capable of substantiation by documentary evidence, and believing that you are, as you represent yourselves-or, rather, as one of you has represented-Perer and Jacob Van Deust, permit me, gentlemen, to have the pleasure of offering you my congratu ations." So saying, he raised his tall hat with oldtime courtesy, repeated his bows to the

brothers severally, and replaced his beaver with such exactitude that not a hair of his nicely-brushed wig was disar-"Congratulations upon what? Upon being Peter and Jacob Van Denst?" demanded Peter, who began to look upon

his visitor as a probably harmless lunatic. "Naturally, sir. For reason 3 which you shall present y apprehend. Have you, or have you had, eir, to your knowledge, an uncle named Dietrich Van Deust?" "Yes. It was uncle Dietrich who went away to the Indies when we were boys,

wasn't it, Peter?" said the youngest brother. "Yes, and settled somewhere there; I forget where. Batavia, I think, was the name of the place; but I ain't sure, for it

is an age since I heard from him.' "Your remembrance is correct, nevertheless sir," responded the stranger. "It was in Batavia that he took up his residence, and in Batavia that he died, at an advanced age, an old bachelor, possessed of large wealth, as I have been given to understand; and I offer my congratulations to you, gentlemen, for the reason that you are his fortunate heirs to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars."

The mere mention of that stupendous sum, as it seemed to them, fairly stunned the two simp e-minded old men who received this intelligence. "Oh, Peter! It can't be there's so much

money," gasped Jacob, "Let me turn over in my mind. Take a seat, sir," said Peter, pushing forward a stool for the visitor, reseating himself on his beach and slowly rubbing his foregirls slowly strolling toward him, waited head. Jacob went out to put away the till they almost col ided with his horse's little gentleman's horse, and while he was

gone Peter relighted his pine and smoked in silence. When the younger brother returned, the visitor resumed the conver-"My name," said he, "is Pelatiah Ho den, and my profession that of counselor-at law. Here is my card," presenting one to each of the Van Densts, and then continuing: "Four months and fourteen days since, I received from the firm of Van Gulden & Dropp of Amster-

dam, Holland, information to the effect that a client of theirs named William Van Deust was joint heir in the estate of Die:rich Van Deust, deceased, of Batavia; and they desired me, in order to facilitate the partition of the estate, to discover two other heirs, nephews of the deceased Dietrich Van Deust, named respectively Peter and Jacob Van Deust, sons of Jan | jointly while both you live, and expend it | Van Deust.

Jacob in an undertone.

and do not doubt your ability to establish by legal proof," replied Mr. Holden, bowing gravely to him and going on with his proper moment.

completed, seemingly, the serious task of tested copy of the will in my possession—
"turning it over in his mind." But Jacob as I have had the bonor of presenting effusively stammered:

"Oh, we were not in any hurry, sir." The lawyer resumed, speaking with the express the hope that you may long be deliberate precision of one who reads an joint possessors of this handsome inheritto mildly expostulate against the vigor of down before he could utter a cry of alarm. three years really is a long time, isn't it?" Well," responded Peter, "I suppose he indictment: "Under the terms of the his denunciations of the sex; whereupon The window curtains were down, so that "Dear me, yes. I wouldn't let Lem go might as well have it as anybody. Some- will, you are to enjoy this inheritance indictment: "Under the terms of the ance."

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an Deust.
"That was father's name," interpolated And should any of it remain at the time of the demise of either of you it must de-"As I have been alr adv informed, sir, scend to the survivor, untrameled by any right of bequest on the part of the first decedent. And no contract, barrain. agreement, stipulation or understanding narration. "Since that time, until three | whatever between you, concerning its disweeks ago, I have been seeking you, and posal shall be made by which the one it has only been during four days past surviving may be bound or influenced in that I have been satisfied that your claim its administration; and to the fact that to be the sons of Jan Van Deust and he is in no wise so bound, the survivor nephews of Dietrich-and consequently must make oath when entering into sole inheritors under the will of the latter possession, else the sum so remaining could be legally established. Hence the must lapse to residuary legaters belonging apparent delay. But you will perceive, to a remote branch of your family in Holgentlemen, from my explanation that I land. What your uncie's intentions may have notified you of the gratifying fact of have been in framing his will in this unthe bequest at the earliest practicable and usual manner I do not pretend to say; nor is it, indeed, my province to inquire; Peter nodded silently, not having yet but the facts are-as I know from an atthem to you. And now, gentlemen, permit me to renew my congretulations and

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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